

THE SYDNEY BUSHWALKER

A monthly bulletin of matters of interest to The Sydney Bushwalkers,
14 Atchison Street, St. Leonards.

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Meetings at the Club Room on Wednesday evenings after 7.30 p.m.

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MAY, 1972.

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THE APRIL GENERAL MEETING

by Jim Brown.

The April meeting, the first to be conducted under the auspices of the new President, Bob Younger, was a relatively quiet affair with a smallish attendance of about 30. There were no new hands to welcome, and after the date of the Orienteering Competition in May had been corrected, the minutes of the Annual Meeting were countersigned. Two vacancies from last month's elections remained, and one for Business Manager of the magazine was filled by Bill Burke. There were no takers for the third S. & R. Contact, but Phil Butt suggested we should have four substitute Federation Delegates, and nominated John White for one of the extra representatives.

Correspondence contained a letter from the Club's Hon. Solicitor, proposing an addition to the Walks Programme designed to absolve the Club and walks' leaders from legal responsibility for any injury sustained on trips. There was a little discussion on this, arising from the fact that walks programmes have previously indicated that the leader did have some responsibility for the safety of the party. It was generally agreed that the Solicitor's wording should not be watered down or altered, but perhaps the phrasing of the existing notice might be amended to draw a distinction between responsibility for injury and the leader's obligation to care for the welfare of the party. Also in Correspondence was a request from George Dibley for transfer to non-active, and from Greg Grennan to return to active. Some rather non-committal answers had been received from the various political leaders in reply to the Club's letters of protest about the flooding of Lake Pedder.

Neither the Treasurer or Walks Secretary were present, but the financial statement showed a closing balance of \$622 at the end of March: incoming subscriptions might be expected to bring about a steady build-up in this figure over the next few months. Walking activity during March had to be left over for later report.

For Federation Ray Hookway mentioned the now regular S. & R. meetings at Science House, and went on to explain that the Electricity Commission had decided on the route for the power line from Wallerawang to Minto: this would cross Megalong Valley, pass between Clear Hill and Debert's Knob, and finally across Kings Tableland. Blue Mountains City Council also had a proposal to upgrade the road along Narrow Necks to Clear Hill. This year's Federation Ball would celebrate 40 years of Federation, and as mentioned in adjusting the minutes, the Orienteering Competition would be May 27th.

It was still early in the evening when we came to General Business, where Spiro chose to mention the departure overseas of Dot Butler next month, and foreshadowed nomination of John Campbell as replacement Vice President.

Phil Butt had a couple of matters to raise, one touching on the likelihood that a sewerage outfall for the Gosford area may affect the proposed Marine Park near Bouddi. As for Lake Pedder, the situation was tense with a new political party contesting the elections in Tasmania on a conservation platform. He suggested it may not be too late to contribute again to the Pedder appeal, with a proviso that any funds be not utilised for political purposes, and moved a donation of \$20. Debate followed, in which a number of members seemed to feel that the cause was well and truly lost, and others felt that the Pedder issue was already quite widely known and understood by the various interests in Tasmania. For the motion it was argued that the diversion of waters into the new dam could still be altered even at this stage, and further that the fight should be carried on right to the end to show that conservationists everywhere felt strongly about the scheme. The resolution was then carried.

It seemed no one had anything else of moment to bring forward, and at 8.55 we closed down.

HARRISON COUNTRY

by Bill Gillam.

(Definition: Precipitous, rocky, scratchy, formerly infested with snakes. Begins and finishes desperately but is terrifying in between. Synonyms: Terrific, wonderful, whose car are we going in? See also Harrison Diets, Harrison on Navigation, Harrison's Iambic Feet.)

Gillam's Revised Dictionary of Hazards.

"They said it couldn't be done." Patrick Peaseporridge.

It is a cliché that you remember the hard ones - remember the mounting desire for murder, the growing resolution that this is the last trip, the revulsion, or lack of food. It is not a cliché that to be Irish is to be contentious. That is historical fact. To envisage doing the Colo in two bites ensured two memorable trips. Just getting to the Colo has proved, for me, hard enough. On previous trips there I have navigated through smoke haze and had been a day late and fallen on logs and spoilt, temporarily, my complexion.

Pat set the scene when we arrived at Caloul Range. "Helen is Irish. Bill is Irish. (an unpaid apprentice barber had given me the Roger Casement look.) What about you, Neville. Neville Lupton: Kiwi, prospective, truthful. "I don't know. Judgement, of Neville by Pat, reserved.

An incredibly red dawn. Then rain. I am up before Harrison who

is in Don's van - on a mattress but without a chenille bedspread. From his boudoir he bids me light a fire - he holds a touching belief that I am the best firelighter he has ever met. We washed down our various breakfasts with my coffee; Pat washed down the same breakfast with my coffee the following morning. And the same lunch, and the same tea from the same paper bag.

We set off. I am very fit. Twice in the last week I have jogged as far as the coffee machine. I want to botanise. The flannel flowers are immense. "Some wonderful turpentine here, Bill. "I haven't seen one all morning. The other two Irishmen jump on me. Contention has been established.

In a familiar movement Pat jumped off the road into the scratchiest undergrowth in Harrison Country. It grabbed him, slowed him, irritated him, then finally turned him turtle and thumped him on the head. He lay moaning and bleeding. A temporary setback in a thousand year history. At the end of an hour we are two hours behind schedule - we have each taken rests at different times and places but at the first creek junction Pat was pleased to know we had had coffee (carried), cigarettes (never absent), nourishment (Honey Snacks and coffee are not sustaining) and didn't need a rest at the scheduled place. Perhaps we were not so far behind schedule.

The Colo. Pat takes off his boots and sits, sits still which is more, on the beach. Helen has gone off instantly to find a pool deep enough to swim, Neville supplements his breakfast. I can feel affability creep through my Roger Casement. The cigarette coaxes the sun to shine for the first time. It is a coincidence I am going to use later, if necessary. The desperate beginning has been survived.

But the Colo has to be observed and reported on to the Editor. I know the structural geology of it. An antecedent stream through the greatest depth of the Triassic sandstone. But why is it different. Around Katoomba the sandstone is thinning out and shale exposed so that the cliffs, ventually, have a weakness somewhere that leads to a continuous ridge. The rivers are deflected around the ridges, finger fashion. The Colo gorge is rock from top to bottom with no shale to gentle its sheerness, the compression blocks as vertical planes in the cliffs. Wind erosion frets new surfaces on some planes, leaves others dark - a very painterly pallette knife effect. Bends in the river are where the major block zones occur, at close to right angles which the river has smoothed out to some extent. Creeks enter at the same major zones; if at grade they throw dams of rock across the river, if they are smaller they "hang" above the river, a text book illustration of rising structures. Access to the river is only by the major creeks draining far back from the river.

But Harrison Country is essentially aesthetic country; a country of the soul. The repetition of beach, negotiable rock, long lako, dam and bend has its counterpart in music. The Colo is the Goldberg Variations

of rivers. Each variation is complete, superb and satisfying. There is not one part of the river dull; not one lake that should be left unswum, not one cliff unreflected in water. There are bottlebrush in flower, astonishing new tea trees to be collected, ducks to surprise, bass to watch in their contemptuous patrol of their pools, lyrebirds noisily resenting intrusion, a casuarina, erect, flood and food indifferent, growing on a rock in the middle of the river. Two days are only a first reading. It is a place for a week of meditation, a week of saying "Look at this", of listening to birds, of swimming in another pool merely because it is another pool.

It is also one mile an hour country. We felt the heat. We rested. We laughed at each other being grabbed by quicksand. We ho-hoed anxiously for Pat if he was ahead, ho-hoed in derision if he had sidled into vines. My feet began to ache from the rockhopping and then to pain from the balancing. Neville had to supplement his supplementary breakfast. Helen ached to swim in the scenery rather than just be part of it.

The bend after the bend after next and we will have lunch.

We sat under a singing casuarina and ate. Pat killed, in recollection, many snakes and fought other, recent, battles. We dozed. Contentment.

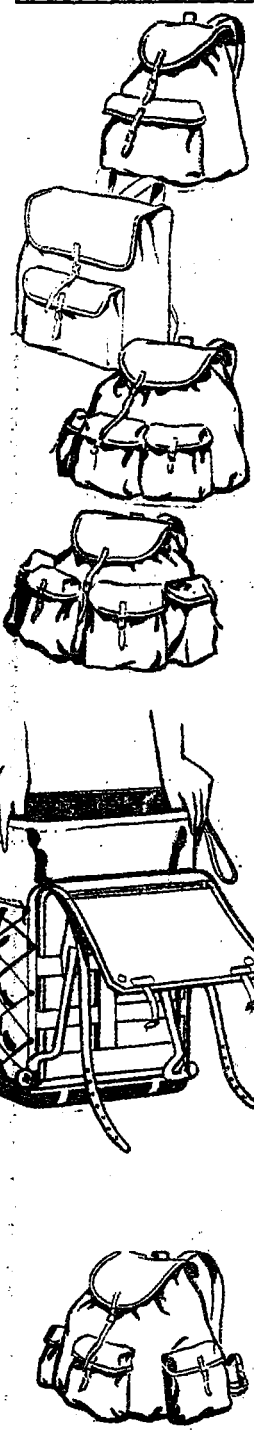
Honour, and promised conviviality, drove us on. There were running repairs to Pat who had swapped his salt balance for a very stiff shirt. I tried vaguely to revive the dawn's promise of contention. The first overhang after 7.30. Who has torches. At seven our counter-current fellow travellers were in sight, as luck would have it just when WE were near an overhang. Not the best overhang on the river but if you ignored the blackberries and the uneven rocky floor it was good enough. We exchanged lies, disguising our own tiredness. Pat had his paper bag away before it began to rain.

Contention stirred briefly in the cave. Sinzig and Willhelm were obviously not Irish. Ross still had a trace of perfidious Albion to him but was safe in his, the only tent, on more pleasant ground. Surely Finch now, that is an Irish name. Finch was asleep or not playing. Three of us went through the litany of injustices, famines, plagues, battles lost. Helen and I tried guessing when Pat was born. Christmas Day, St. Patricks Day or my own certain belief that he was born fully greened on the morning of the Easter Rebellion. I sung a few bars of the Minstrel Boy. No one heard me. No one ever does.

Daybreak was a reminder that man is a bony jointed animal. I am bonier than most even if I can't claim more joints. I creaked and tottered down to the river, groaned while I cooked breakfast and packed up with the minimum of bending. Harrison drank my coffee and ran. Such is the charm of the Colo that he, even he, paused to admire the lake by which we had camped. The major creeks were passed, the magic moment came when we could see Parr West and Angorawa. Shade was found for lunch, coffee made, cigarettes smoked. A time for poetry.

Paddy made

Lightweight bushwalking and camp gear



BUNYIP RUCKSACK

This 'shaped' rucksack is excellent for children. Useful day pack. Weight 14ozs

SENIOR RUCKSACK

A single pocket, shaped rucksack. Suitable for overnight camping. Weight 1½lbs

BUSHMAN RUCKSACKS

Have sewn-in curved bottom for extra comfort in carrying. Will hold 30 lbs. 2 pocket model 1½lbs 3 pocket model 1½lbs

PIONEER RUCKSACK

is an extra large bag with four external pockets and will carry about 40lbs of camp gear. Weight 2½lbs

MOUNTAINEER DE LUXE

Can carry 70lbs or more. Tough lightweight terylene/cotton, proofed fabric with special P.V.C. reinforced base. 20" x 17" x 9" proofed nylon extension throat with double draw cord for positive closure. Flap has full sized zip pocket of waterproof nylon. Outside pocket. Bag is easily detached from the frame to form a 3' sleeping bag cover for cold, wet conditions. Weight 6lbs

MOUNTAINEER

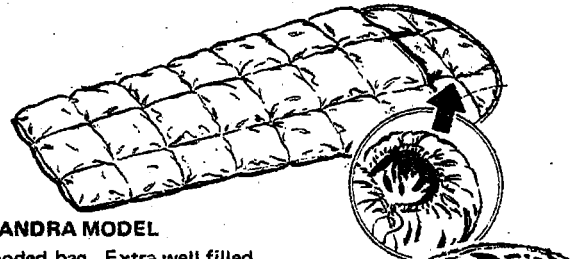
Same features as de luxe model except for P.V.C. bottom reinforcing. Weight 5½lbs

TRAMPER FRAME RUCKSACK

Young people and ladies will find this pack a good one. It will carry sufficient camping equipment and food for 3 or 4 days or more. Has 3 pockets, capacity about 30 lbs. Weight 4lbs.

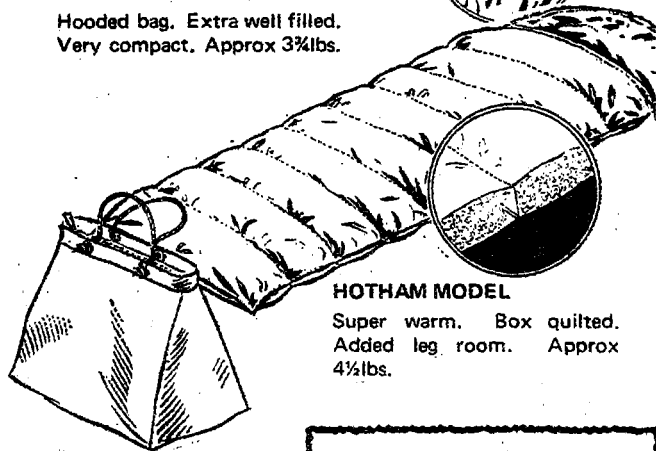
KIANDRA MODEL

Hooded bag. Extra well filled. Very compact. Approx 3½lbs.



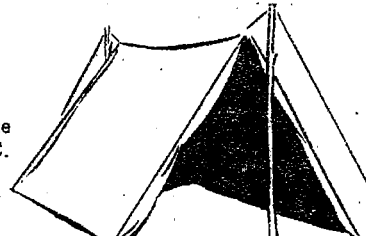
HOTHAM MODEL

Super warm. Box quilted. Added leg room. Approx 4½lbs.



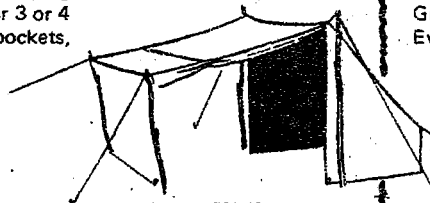
CARRYING BAGS

P.V.C. or nylon.




'A' TENTS

One, two or three man. From 2½ to 3½lbs

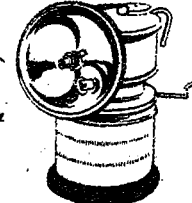


WALL TENTS

Two, three or four man. From 3½ to 4½lbs



Compasses dry, oil filled or wrist types.
 Maps. Large range.
 Bushwalking books.
 Freeze dried and dehydrated foods.
 Stoves and lamps.
 Aluminium cook ware.
 Ground sheets.
 Everything for the bushwalker.



Paddy Pallen

- Pat I read the other day the only line of Wordsworth I ever liked.
He has no animadversions against the English poets. Except recent ones.

- Won't someone tell me what song it is she sings?

- The Grim Reaper.

Astonishment. Sensing an advantage Pat unsheathed his shillelagh.

- John Sylvester and Ben Jonson had a rhyming contest.

"I Jon Sylvester

Slept with your sister."

Jonson paused briefly. "I Ben Jonson

Slept with your wife.

-That doesn't rhyme.

-No but it is true.

A roll of thunder and we left poetry and the Colo. The "desperate finish" phase was about to begin. With the clarity of someone who remembers perfectly not turning off the toaster at breakfast while they are enjoying after hours ale I could see the dangers of Angorawa Creek in full flood; the terraces which went from cliff to cliff, the waterfalls one had to climb through, the false but not obviously false creek along which we had once looked for orchids but not footprints. Then if, despite my grim forebodings, we should survive the creek there was the long ridge and those interminable saddles to cross in the dark. For dark it must be by then. Even now at two thirty the light was that of dusk. Once again I began to look for overhangs. High up, preferably. We crossed the terraces. The rain began, stopped. Hesitation. Well at least put on a parka. Then like the cows in Mexico the rain was on us. An overturned rock in the creek offered shelter. The temperature plummeted. The rain began to bounce, clear hard hail. Our packs were rearranged in front of us, leaving only a narrow embrasure in front of us to allow us to watch the display. The embrasure was too large, the hail was in among us, building up behind us, beginning to float. A larger overhang was obviously needed. There was one against the cliff. A general dash through the storm. Pat himself lit the fire. Warmer and becoming drier we could watch in comfort. Where were the others, Pat mused. On an exposed beach, he answered himself. Neville became an enthusiastic gatherer of firewood. A cigarette each put Helen and myself in a mood to watch the display. The size of the hail, the wonder of the new waterfalls, the rumblings of the canyoned thunder all increased. Time crept away. We were now unarguably behind schedule.

- When the hail stops we will go.

No one dissented.

The hail stopped giving place to rain of the same temperature. In twenty yards I was shivering, in half a mile numbed and dulled. On slabs of rock the hail worked like ball bearings, I slid forward until another slab caught my feet or I grasped cold wet bushes which spiked my ribs. We avoided the false creek, crossed at the foot of the ridge and then began the climb. My knees shivered and wouldn't lock, very interesting on the rock faces. On the exposed pitches I would

stop, rub the cramps from my legs then practically run until shortness of breath, further cramp or the next pitch stopped me. We foregathered on top of the ridge, admired the grass trees festooned with hail and set out for the next climb. Creeks roared in the distance, ice crunched underfoot, the trees wrapped their frigid arms around me. I was cold and couldn't walk fast enough to warm my limbs, I couldn't walk fast enough because we had eaten the last of our food at lunchtime. Except some apples. In the next four hours the hunger for those apples became a delicious torment to replace the torment of the cold.

Grimly we climbed the next knob. Helen had nearly fallen off here on an earlier trip when Owen gave his version of John Gargher giving his version of Berlioz' love life. We surmounted the knob. Pat peered for the Three Saddles. The light and Pat's certainty that we were on the third saddle were doubtfull to we other three. The light went. I had to eat one of those apples, preferably sitting down. My mouth thought my hand had forgotten its way. At the first bite the whirling headache cased, by the end of the apple I could stand again and stagger to the top of the saddle.

It was the right one. There were the logs where we had once left the cars, the beer cans we had thrown stones at, the road itself. Neville and Helen, being warmer, stronger, plumper or just perhaps younger than Pat and I, rushed off to find the Toyota. Pat and I plodded on, engaging in occasional discourse, our pace now very civilised and slow. We stopped once or twice to eat; Pat from the last of his meat balls, myself from some cheese Pat had found in his pack. We saw a distant light and stopped. The glow from the city made us pause in wonder. A distant vehicle was good for a few minutes.

We reached the road as Helen drove the car onto the clearing. It was ten oclock. We had done the Colo.

Or had the Colo done us?

COMING WALKS.

by Wilf Hilder.

- June 2,3,4 - Rodger Gowing leads this scenic walk to the Wild Dogs. Friday night's camp probably at Corral Swamp - with glorious views from the Neck to the three peaks and Lake Burragorang. Nice scenery and good tracks to Splendour Rock - be sure to see the aboriginal axe grooves on Mt. Dingo - and a breathtaking descent down Thommos Chains under the visitors book. A bit scrubby out to Howling Dog, but lush, lush campsites along Old Man Cox.
- June 2,3,4 - Ray Carter's easy caving weekend is leaving Strathfield Station north side at 19.30 hrs. (7.30 p.m.) Boggle at der Big Hole, one of the wonders of old New South, and

- amble thru the marble arch on mighty Moodong Creek -plus a fascinating little marble canyon at no extra cost. Waddle thru sparkling Wyanbene Caves - and the old iron mines nearby. First rate views over the Deua country from the top of the limestone outcrop.
- June 3 - Wild Wilf strikes again! This time the picturesque Saturday slumbering ruins at Hartley Vale and Mt. York will echo to the crack of Wilf's whip, the acrid smell of burning rubber soles and the stampede of sandshoed feet - as he blunders thru the bush searching for old relics he has never seen before. Mind you it's a good two days hysterical walk. Better bring a humble pie and give him a large slice every time he beats about the bush - I'll bet you two slices of humble pie that he doesn't even know where Lockyers Line is.
- June 4 - Bill Hall leads this interesting Sunday Test walk thru Sunday National Park - with tracks most of the way. Enjoyable ferry trip across Port Hacking to Marley. Please note correct train time 08.20 E - single ticket to Cronulla. Lovely coastal views and crystal clear streams.
- June 4 - Uncle Sam Hinde has an easy walk on from Otford. Track Sunday to Werrong Beach and easy rock-hopping to Bulgo Beach near Undola. Steep climb on graded track to top of the range - then down to Otford Station. Special Excursion Tickets will save you 33% on the return fare.
- June 9,10,12 Join Dave Rostron and his Main Range Rats in this Ski Long Weekend Tourers delight. Base camp in timber near Snowy River, not far from Illawong and with touring range of the big three - Townsend, Kosci, Ramshead - of the Australian Alps. Superb skiing with outstanding scenery and company. Man or mouse? Squeek up.
- June 9,10,12 Ray Hookway is your guide on this delightful three day Long Weekend Test Walk into the Budawangs. The scenery is exceptionally good from Folly Point, The Castle and the never to be forgotten Mt. Owen - too good to be mist.
- June 9,10,12 Your third choice this weekend is the Myall Lakes led by Long Weekend Alan Hedstrom. That picturesque place hardly needs any publicity - everyone has heard of Myall - but have you seen it yet? Better ring Alan now and arrange your transport for this pretty three day medium walk.
- June 11 - Day walk to be arranged - get your notice up on the Club Notice Board A.S.A.P.
- June 16,17,18 - What a great opportunity to learn to ski tour on cross country skis. Whether you call it Langrenn, or just call it the name of the Kiandra, or whatever, the skiing will give you the good life of it. The teacher is a

- Langlauf or in the words of the Kiandra goldminers - Snowshoeing - Phil will give you the good oil or right wax. The tuition is not only first rate, but free - so numbers are limited. Get on the blower now and blast Phil with a booking.
- June 16,17,18 - Don and Maria Hitchcock are leading a weekend trip to Blue Gum (funny, I thought there were two "b's" in it). Glorious views from Evans - easy tracks to mighty Blue Gum - idyllic camping nearby. Good graded track up Govetts past the spectacular 520 feet Govetts Leap waterfall.
- June 18 - Sunday - An easy Sunday stroll from Mt. Colah to Berowra - leader Les Davidson. Nice views along Appletree Creek with a good track to the bay and Cowan Creek. Lovely views along the track to Windybanks Boatshed and a steady climb to Berowra. You're in good hands all the way.
- June 23,24,25 - Bob Younger - our worthy president - is the standard beaver on this interesting test walk. Stroll along the good old Six Foot Track to Father Cox and up on this historic track to Mini Mini Saddle and down to Little River. Some interesting rock hopping along the stream before the green, grassy flats of Little River appear. Lavish green banks along the Cox give way to the flats of Galong Creek and its pretty pink granite falls and cascades.
- June 25 - Sunday - Another energetic walk from The Neck - this time led by Alan Pike, down to Cedar Creek and up Cedar Creek with its delightful flats and fast rockhopping to the legendary Cedar Cave with a roof nearly as high as the Opera House. A good ridge leads to scenic Cedar Head and around to the seldom seen Walls Pass with its bright new chain and pitons - bring your camera.
- June 25 - Sunday - Uncle John Holly has borrowed Uncle Dave's mantle for this popular walk to Bush Walkers Basin - known locally as the Punch Bowl. Apparently Freers Crossing has always been known as Frere's to the locals - but don't let that worry you, the crystal waters of Georges River hereabouts put the Cox to shame.
- June 25 - Sunday - Gladys Roberts gives you another choice for today and Davidson Park it is. Pleasant going down Middle Harbour Creek to historic Bungaroo where Captain Arthur Phillip and his party spent a night in 1788, by the waterfall that falls into the seawater at high tide. Easy going to Gordon or Shot Machine Creek to Lindfield Station - be guided by Gladys.

TO THE BLUE BREAKS WITH 2 D(DON AND DOONE). by Bob Younger.

The Thursday before Easter saw a collection of various bushwalking types on the footpath outside the home units which now stand on the site of the old Melba Theatre at Strathfield. Some were bound for the Warrimbungles with Jim Vatiliotis, whilst we were all set for a trip scheduled for the unknown with that infamous duo Don and Doone.

Several hours later we slipped silently through the illuminated and deserted Grand Arch at Jenolan Caves on our way to the rendezvous at Boyd River crossing along the Kanangra Road. One party did not arrive until 3 a.m. since one of their number had come direct from the ballet. This party had the misfortune to camp near some youths who rose to light a fire in the early hours to warm themselves as they could not sleep. This rude awakening seemed to upset the new editor because he was heard to mutter within the hearing of the president that "The Pen is Mightier than The Bone". The president decreed that the press should be muzzled and this was swiftly accomplished with the aid of a half section of scooped out rockmelon skin. This decoration caused the press to resemble a wombat or overlarge koala bear but hardly as cuddly.

The nineteen starters were ordered to their cars and we headed for Kanangra Tops. Some glimpses of the Blue Breaks and our proposed route were seen through the low cloud formations. Later on the sun broke through as we headed for the Kowmung via the Gingra and Roots ridges.

At the Kowmung Doone produced his underwater camera and proceeded to take underwater shots of underwater pebbles. Leslic flung up her arms in despair. "He has rolls and rolls of film showing waterworn pebbles and it all looks the same!" Those particular pebbles, however, proved to be somewhat difficult to cross with the river flowing swiftly on this section. As each member crossed safely he would flop down in triumph or run along the bank, camera in hand, ready to record any disaster among the others. Don exhibited his staunchness and dependability to Heather by taking her and her rucksack on his shoulders and plunging in. They negotiated the deepest and fastest flowing part but foundered when close to shore. This did not deter Don in the least. He removed Heather and his wet shorts and charged up the ridge leading to Scotts Main Range in his underpants.

We had a brief rest on the road which follows the top of the range to Lake Burragorang and then descended an easy ridge to Butcher's Creek. On the way down we disturbed a wombat who retreated into a hollow log which appeared to be his summer residence. He refused to come out and we resisted the temptation to give him a prod with a stick as he was within reach from either end.

Butchers Creek proved to be slim and stoney so we kept on down stream to find a reasonable campsite.

Saturday morning saw us wandering along the creek until a large lizard, classified by some as a water dragon, jumped into a large pool and submerged. This opportunity was too good to miss, so we all sat down and watched Doone chase him around the bottom of the pool. Doone soon got tired of this and decided to time the dragon's underwater endurance. Twenty minutes passed and the party elected to press on to the Grog Shop. Leslie instructed us on the origin of the name and all eyes were peeled to observe this remarkable rock formation. Lunch time revealed that most of the party lacked sufficient imagination or were singularly unobservant. Gerry decided to compensate us for our failure by constructing a rock wall dam on the creek.

We soon had to leave the dam and the creek to climb Green Wattle Mountain and then descend into Green Wattle Creek where we met two members of the University of N.S.W. who were doing our trip in reverse. That is, they were going the other way. They appeared to be somewhat startled to find themselves suddenly surrounded in such a secluded spot and declined our invitation to establish their camp with us on a little clearing under towering trees at the junction of Bull Island and Butcher's Shop Creeks. The wood gatherers piled up a huge heap of wood near the centre of the camp which ordained a communal gathering after dinner.

Next morning there was a certain amount of fire sharing as it had rained during the night. During the cleaning up, fire extinguishing activities someone remarked, "Who had a Tuna Tin last night?" Doone quickly volunteered "I did", and was just as quickly informed, "Well, you've still got it this morning".

It started to rain as we commenced to climb a steep ridge leading to the Broken Rock Range above. The cloud cover once more obscured our way ahead, although occasional views of impossibly high sandstone walls were observed with disbelief that access to their tops could be gained. Figures eventually did appear on top and assembled in an untidy group to be counted. This was not a place to go astray. All were present and the file of hooded walkers headed into the mist across the tops, skirting the more precipitous outcrops, but generally sticking to the top of the narrow range wherever possible. After all, the width of the range was our main dimension in that wet murky space except when the wind sent the clouds below swirling and we gained a feeling of height for the second dimension. Of distance we had no concept.

This lack of relationship to the surroundings helped somewhat when negotiating the narrowest part of the range which was only feet wide and saw-toothed. We clung to every available support provided by the wet rocky ledges and spreadeagled ourselves against the clammy rockface. Who knows how far down one would have plummeted in the event of a fall?

By the early afternoon we seemed to have reached the end of the range as we ran out of high ground and started to descend. Byrne's Gap at last! But what's this? The leaders were seen to be conferring on the brink of an abyss. Some kind of land mass loomed through the cloud on our left. Had we been misled in our two dimensional wanderings? It was decided to move back a bit and try another tack. This way led to a steep twisted gully leading downhill, which suited us well. Then an old fence was spied. If they can build fences here then it can't be that difficult. Perhaps it was the Gap. Yes, there was the road and it had stopped raining.

We camped by the ford at Butchers Creek crossing and got the fires going and put up the wet tents. At dusk it started to rain again so we took to our tents or plastic shelters and ate our evening meal.

Next morning there was still a drizzle, but fires were lit by combined efforts of cunning and pooled firelighting aids. There seemed to be some reluctance to stow away the wet gear and Doone cried "Come on, if we don't get a move on the Kowmung will be up 20 feet".

"That will be fine," said Geoff, "then we can walk right under it."

Yet another wooded ridge to follow - the party was counted frequently. Dot did it in French and Spanish, Don did it in German, Spiro accounted for all the party using Greek numerals on the fourth stage but two members appeared "unaccountably" out of the mist. Further counting was carried out in the vernacular.

The Kowmung was not hard to cross but Christys Creek would have been but for a fallen tree which provided a somewhat slippery bridge. Lunch was postponed until we reached the cave at the top of the Bull-head Range. An interminable climb but all went well until almost within reach of the cars. One of the party mislaid the track which was in fact a boggy creek, but he was rescued from his folly.

Geoff offered to take some of us up in a light aeroplane one day to see where we had been. We did this on Anzac Day in spite of some questioning of his competence as a pilot. It is grand country, we saw everything in 3 D.

WANTED TO BUY ***

Mary Grennan requires papoose type child carrying pack.

Phone - 46,2295.

***** M O U N T A I N

E Q U I P M E N T *****

Quite a few people tackle a fairly strenuous summer holiday walking jaunt - perhaps in Tasmania or the Kosciusko country - then put their packs and tents and the rest of their walking gear in mothballs for the rest of the summer season.

With Easter, walking starts again in earnest, and then they may find that some of their equipment is not quite up to an energetic winter of walking. That's the time to come to the home of Fairydown and other lightweight walking and camping gear at -

MOUNTAIN EQUIPMENT

17 Alexander Street, Crows Nest. 2065.
(On the corner of Falcon Street)

Telephone 439-3454.

CONSERVATION REPORT

by Alex Colley.

The A.G.M. of APCM(A) on April 28th was attended by some 200 shareholders, most of whom held one share each, or were proxies for holders of single shares. Although not so widely reported as last year's meeting, the presence of so many conservationists was a tribute to their persistence.

The meeting lasted for about three hours. Members of the Board of Directors were presented with copies of National Trust Bulletin No.52 of April, 1952, which features the threat to Bungonia Gorge, and copies of "The Colong Scandal".

Immediately prior to the conclusion of the meeting Milo Dunphy moved that "Those shareholders here assembled as individuals reject and condemn this Company's persistent attempts to occupy public parks in N.S.W. for mining purposes - we declare this company a vandal company." Before this motion could be defeated by 18,147,216 votes it was carried by acclamation.

A letter has been written to the State Pollution Control Commission requesting them to ask the Forestry Commission for an Environmental Impact Assessment of a pine plantation on the Boyd. The Softwoods Agreement Act is due for renewal in Federal Parliament, and moves are under way to introduce the subject of the destruction of natural bushland for pine plantations when the Bill is debated.

Mark Weatherley's article in the National Parks Journal of April 1972 has received favourable comment from Vincent Serventy in the Sunday Telegraph, in particular his statement that "If 25 per cent of the coast were reserved from mining the effect would be that the mineral sands would be worked out in approximately 1987 instead of 1992."

The National Parks Association Annual Dinner will be held at the Argyle Tavern on June 20th. Tickets at \$5 each are obtainable from Enid Rigby at 5 Blytheswood Avenue, Warrawee, 2074.

FEDERATION REPORT

by Ray Hookway.

Federation Reunion. - The reunion held at Sugoe Bag creek was a great success. A record 290 people signed the visitors book and Nin asks that any one who may have been missed by eagle-eyed Jan Voutors should see him to help make the record complete. Nin is also seeking any photos taken at the reunion for inclusion in the official log book. Over 50 S.B.W. members signed the book, surely another record,????

The weather was good, the surroundings perfect and everyone enjoyed themselves. Owen Marks led a walk on the Sunday to Flat Top Rocks to view aboriginal carvings and as S.& R. were not alerted I presume they all returned safely.

Supper served on Saturday night at the campfire by members of C.M.W. was exceptional.

Search and Rescue. - A busy month with seven main alerts but fortunately only two call outs. 31 bushwalkers turned up a Faulconbridge to help search for a young woman who had taken an overdose of tranquilisers and had gone bush. Her body was subsequently found in a nearby creek. 28 walkers turned up on April 7th to help the search for four, overdue on a Colo river walk. A helicopter located the walkers after they had spent four extra days in the bush.

At the April meeting of the S.& R. Group slides of mountain rescue in New Zealand were shown and demonstrations of the use of the various types of splints were given.

Those meetings are proving very popular and all members are welcome. Meetings are held at Science House, Gloucester Street, City at 7 p.m. on the second Thursday of every month. Supper is served.

Bouddi Park. - Federation are concerned at reports of a proposed sewer outlet at Cave Creek, Bouddi to replace the proposed sewer treatment works on Pelican Island. Such an installation, if true, would make a joke of the Government's proposed Underwater National Park in the same area.

Tri-State Trail. - Discussion regarding the N.S.W. section of the proposed trail centred on its desirability and on possible effects on the areas crossed by the increased use of trail bikes etc. It was decided to postpone further action until the effects of marking the Victorian sections were known.

The SEC of Victoria have issued three foolscap pages of regulations to govern the use of these vehicles on their roads, so the problem is recognised as a real one.

New Maps and Publications. - Wilf Hildor advises that the Springwood and Kurrajong 2 inch to the mile maps are now available at the Lands Dept. for 75c. Wilf also strongly recommends a new Gordon and Gotch map reading book, costing 45c., as useful reading for prospective walks leaders.